

Ces. Which is the Queene of Egypt?
Dol. It is the Emperor Madam.
Cesar. Arise, you shall not kneele:
 I pray you rise, rise Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the Gods will have it thus,
 My Master and my Lord I must obey,
Cesar. Take to you no hard thoughts,
 The Record of what injuries you did vs,
 Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
 As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,
 I cannot protect mine owne cause so well
 To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue
 Bene laden with like frailties, which before
 Haue often sham'd our Sex.
Cesar. *Cleopatra* know,
 We will extenuate rather then inforce:
 If you apply your selfe to our intents,
 Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
 A benefit in this change: but if you seeke
 To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Antonies counte, you shall bereaue your selfe
 Of my good purposes, and put your children
 To that destruction which Ie guard them from,
 If thereon you relye. He take my leaue.
Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
 your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
 Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.
Cesar. You shall aduise me in all for *Cleopatra*.
Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Jewels
 I am posses'd of, tis exactly valowed,
 Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus*?
Sele. Heere Madam.
Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
 Vpon his perill, that I haue reser'd
 To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus*.
Sele. Madam, I had rather feele my lippes,
 Then to my perill speake that which is not.
Cleo. What haue I kept backe.
Sele. Enough to purchase what you haue made known
Cesar. Nay blush not *Cleopatra*, I approue
 Your Wisedome in the deede.
Cleo. See *Cesar*: Oh behold,
 How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
 And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
 The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, does
 Euen make me wilde. Oh Slave, of no more trust
 Then loue that's byr'd? What goest thou backe, y' shalt
 Go backe I warrant thee: but he catch thine eyes
 Though they had wings. Slave, Soule-lesse Villain, Dog,
 O rarely base!
Cesar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.
Cleo. O *Cesar*, what's wounding shame is this,
 That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
 Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse
 To one so meeke, that mine owne Seruant should
 Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by
 Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Cesar*)
 That I some Lady trifies haue reser'd,
 Immoment toys, things of such Dignitie
 As we greet moderne friends withall, and say
 Some Nobler token I haue kept apart
 For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
 Their mediation, must I be vnfolded
 With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it smites me
 Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,

Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
 Through th' Ashes of my chance: Wert thou a man,
 Thou would'st haue mercy on me.
Cesar. Forbeare *Seleucus*.
Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
 For things that others do: and when we fall,
 We answer others merits, in our name
 Are therefore to be pittied.
Cesar. *Cleopatra*,
 Not what you haue reser'd, nor what acknowledg'd
 Put we'rth Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours,
 Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleaue
Cesar no Merchant, to make prize with you
 Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
 Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,
 For we intend so to dispose you, as
 Your selfe shall giue vs counsell: Feede, and sleepe:
 Our care and pity is so much vpon you,
 That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.
Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.
Cesar. Not so: Adieu. *Flourish.*
Exeunt Cesar, and his Traine.
Cleo. He words me Gyrls, he words me,
 That I should not be Noble to my selfe.
 But hearken thee *Charmian*.
Iras. Finishe good Lady, the bright day is done,
 And we are for the darke.
Cleo. Hye th' eagaines,
 I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,
 Go put it to the haste.
Char. Madam, I will.
Enter Dolabella.
Dol. Where's the Queene?
Char. Behold sir.
Cleo. Dolabella.
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command
 (Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
 I tell you this: *Cesar* through Syria
 Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,
 You with your Children will be send before,
 Make your best vse of this. I haue perform'd
 Your pleasure, and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remaine your debter.
Dol. I your Seruant:
 Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Cesar*. *Exit*
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.
 Now *Iras*, what thinkest thou?
 Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne
 In Rome aswell as I: Mechanicke Slaues
 With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
 Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
 Ranke of grosse dyer shall we be enclouded,
 And forc'd to drinke their vapour.
Iras. The Gods forbid.
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certaine *Iras*: sawcie Listers
 Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimers
 Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
 Extemporally will stage vs, and present
 Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
 Some squeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatnesse
 I'th' posture of a Whore.
Iras. O the good Gods!
Cleo. Nay that's certaine.
Iras. He neuer see't? for I am sure mine Nipples
 Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
 And to conquer their most absurd intents.
Enter Charmian.
 Now *Charmian*.
 Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
 My best Attires: I am againe for *Cidrus*,
 To meete *Mark Anthony*. Sirra *Iras*, go
 (Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l dispatch indeede,) And when thou hast done this chare, he giue thee leaue
 To play till Doomeyday: bring our Crowne, and all.
Wherefore's this noise?
Enter a Guardsmen.
Guard. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
 That will not be deny'de your Highnesse presence,
 He brings you Figges.
Cleo. Let him come in. *Exit Guardsmen.*
 What poore an Instrument
 May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:
 My Resolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing
 Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
 I am Marble constant: now the fleeing Moone
 No Planet is of mine.
Enter Guardsmen and Clowne.
Guard. This is the man.
Cleo. Auoid, and leaue him. *Exit Guardsmen.*
 Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
 That kills and paines not?
Clow. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the par-
 tie that should desire you to touch him, for his byting is
 immortal: those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or ne-
 uer recouer.
Cleo. Remember'st thou any that haue dyed on't?
Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of
 one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest wo-
 man, but something giuen to lye, as a woman should not
 do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the by-
 ting of it, what paine she felt: Truly, she makes a verie
 good report o'th' worme: but he that wil beleaue all that
 they say, shall neuer be faued by halfe that they do: but
 this is most falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.
Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.
Clow. I wish you all ioy of the Worme.
Cleo. Farewell.
Clow. You must thinke this (looke you,) that the
 Worme will do his kinde.
Cleo. I, I, farewell.
Clow. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee trusted,
 but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is
 no goodnesse in the Worme.
Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.
Clow. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it
 is not worth the feeding.
Cleo. Will it eate me?
Clow. You must not thinke I am so simple, but I know
 the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that
 a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her
 not. But truly, these same whorson diuels doe the Gods
 great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they
 make, the diuels marre five.
Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.
Clow. Yes forsooth: I wish you ioy o'th' worm. *Exit*
Cleo. Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
 Immortall longings in me. Now no more
 The iuyce of Egypt's Grape shall moyst this lip.
 Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinks I heare

Anthony call
 To praise my
 The lucke of
 To excuse the
 Now to that
 I am Fire, an
 I giue to base
 Come then, &
 Farewell kind
 Haue I the A
 If thou, and I
 The Stroke of
 Which hurts
 If thus thou v
 It is not wor
Char. Dis
 The Gods the
Cleo. This
 If she first me
 Hee'l make d
 Which is my
 With thy sha
 Of life at once
 Be angry, and
 That I might
Char. Oh
Cleo. Peace
 Dost thou not
 That suckes t
Char. O
Cleo. As
 O *Anthony*! N
 What should
Char. In t
 Now boast th
 A Lasse vnpar
 And golden R
 Of eyes again
 He mend it, an
Enter
 1. *Guard*
Char. Spe
 1. *Cesar* ha
Char. Too
 Oh come apa
 1. *Approa*
 All's not well
 2. There's
 1. What w
 Is this well d
Char. It is
 Descended of
 Ah Souldier.
Dol. How
 2. *Guard*
Dol. *Cesar*
 Touch their e
 To see perfor
 So sought't
Enter
 All. A w